FREEDOM

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Notes and Comments

When FREEDOM was launched those responsible for it, having but few illusions, did not expect miracles—and none happened. They promised a good, readable paper giving news of the revolutionary movement and expounding the philosophy of anarchism, and hoped rather than expected to receive support enough to keep it going, and of course, widen the circle of readers.

This is the fifth number of the paper and as can be seen we are gradually increasing our list of contributors, and are covering a fairly wide field. With articles from our old comrades, Nettlau, Turner, Souchy and Acharya from abroad, and Raymond and Olay in this country we have discussed events in Spain, Germany and England in an informative and, we hope, intelligent manner. As time goes on we expect to cover more ground and keep our readers informed as to the growth and development of the revolutionary movement, and of the part our ideas are playing in it.

On national and local subjects we have had articles by O. Dallas, M. Jagendorf, Carl Nold, S. W. Simpson, Jacob Baker and Harry Kelly, one by Alexis Ferm on Education, with others of a more general nature by Tom Bell, Ammon Hennacy, Dr. Globus and Lily Sarnoff, and one from the pen of of our late comrade, George Seldes. These with letters to the editors have covered considerable territory. We printed all the letters that came to us. All were favorable and some even complimentary. Adverse criticism has been heard of but indirectly which made it rather hard to deal with.

In this issue we welcome three additional writers in Rose Pesotta, Dr. D. Globus and Rockwell Kent. Rockwell Kent is one of America's foremost artists and author of several books, one of which, N. by E. was a selection of the Literary Guild and a best seller. Readers of the Modern School Magazine of some years ago, under the brilliant editorship of Carl Zigrosser, will remember Rockwell Kent's many fine drawings, and the beautiful initials he made for that publication. Appearing now in the role of traveller and student of primitive folk, we have from his pen a sympathetic and touching picture of those charming and simple people of Greenland with whom he spent a year and a half recently. Dr. Globus and Rose Pesotta are well known to most of the comrades and we welcome both of them: Dr. Globus because he is writing for another public than our comrades who read Jewish; and Rose Pesotta because, while a veteran in the movement, she represents that younger generation of comrades among whom is Lily Sarnoff whom we have been beseeching for this long time to write and let us know what they are thinking of.

An anarchist paper to be true to its name must see and report life in all its phases. It must be tolerant of all views and face the truth if we are to know what is going on and how to deal with it. Olay's article, long as it was, gave us a picture of the differences of opinion as to tactics and outlook of our comrades in Spain. And we, no matter on which side our sympathies are, should want to know what is going on. The same with Souchy and his picture of the German Trade Unions. If they are turning to the Right who should know it better than we; for if similar conditions develop here we may be able to profit by the example of those in Germany. We ought to know what is happening in England, where the former "leader of labor" imprisons the 76-year-old Tom Mann because he refused to promise to be good. Nor must we forget the touch of nature shown us by Lily Sarnoff and Rose Pesotta with all the other comrades who have written in these five numbers of FREEDOM, including our comrade Hennacy who sees good even in Mary Baker Eddy. In our next number will appear an article by the well-known critic Gorham Munson who will tell us of the influence of Kropotkin through his *Conquest of Bread* and *Fields, Factories and Workshops* on modern thought as expressed in the new economics by the Technocrats, C. H. Douglas and A. R. Orage. As a student of Kropotkin as well as the representative in the U. S. of "The New English Weekly," founded last April by A. R. Orage in London, he is well qualified to discuss it.

If you don't like the paper write and tell us why, and we will try and discuss it with you.

* * *

CAPITALIST MADNESS

Capitalist madness has all but brought industry to a standstill. Commerce, banking and finance are almost bankrupt. There is no work, and the spirit of revolt seems dead in the hearts of the workless human beings who flock from town to town like lost sheep in the wilderness.

Capitalism seems paralyzed; it has already ceased to function efficiently. Its soul is the conquest of markets, and as there are no new ones it is suffering from stagnation, inactivity, death. Let us do what we can to hasten the process.

The preservation of capitalism depends on force, cohesion, violence, among the most active proponents of which are the state socialists. Hitlerism, State Socialism, Fascism and Bolshevism—with their dogmatism and madness, are at the edge of the precipice, marching madly toward death, toward oblivion. . . . The time will come when a greater force, the unconquerable desire for freedom, will destroy them forever; that force alive in the hearts of men who vision a better future, and dare to work for it, fight for it, prefer to die fighting reather than supinely submit to slavery. This unconquerable aspiration of the human spirit is the hope of a new civilization. The revolutionary world has set its heart toward freedom, and neither Capitalism, Fascism, nor Bolshevism can avail to stop it. Nothing can stop a people resolutely determined to be free. The steps that capitalism is now taking must lead to revolution; that is, to the death of capitalism, the birth of a new and free society.

Mass production has apparently reached its high-water mark, and the time has come to solve the problem of distribution. Capitalism has no solution, no sane and equitable proposal for the equalization of distribution with production. It has allowed one-half of the economic life of society to fall centuries behind the other in development. All avenues are now closed to it. There are no more markets for its machines. The free exchange of products is now the only possible way out, and that can be accomplished only by means of a social revolution.

Capitalism is mad, and finds itself in the position of a drowning man grasping at a straw. If humanity is to progress and to survive this madness a revolution must take place. Social revolution is as necessary to society from time to time as the life-giving sun to all living things, and moreover it will take place whether we like it or not.

Centuries ago the Great Wall of China was built by slaves under the lash of capitalism of that time. It was built by bare hands under the most barbarous of conditions. Slaves then were bought and sold like any other merchandise. Today, in our so-called civilization, we have supposedly done away with slavery, but the workers must still sell their services or starve. We are still slaves—for a few crumbs of bread, and a few rags to warm our bodies. Capitalism has built a greater wall than the Great Wall of China: a wall of slavery that encircles the world; a wage system that destroys you if you work and starves you if you cannot find work; a more certain barrier to the great army of the unemployed than ever the Chinese Wall to the hosts that stormed it; a wall which must be scaled by employed and unemployed alike if ever the land of equality and social justice is to be reached. Capitalist madness must be met by revolutionary action all over the world. Capitalism is decaying but is still sufficiently alive to prepare itself for another massacre that will make the world tremble, if it does not crush everything to destruction.

The workers must awaken, they must act, they must take example from the preludes to revolutionary epochs of the past. In 1909 the anarchists of Barcelona were able to stop the government from sending 20,000 soldiers to their death in Africa. . . . In 1918 German seamen prevented a horrible naval battle from being waged by going on strike. . . . In 1920 the crews of five French cruisers made France's attempted attack on Russia useless. . . . In the same year the workers of England with their committees of action stopped the transporation of arms: . . . syndicalist workers made the transportation of troops and ammunition during the Russo-Polish war impossible; . . . the German proletariat stopped the militarist movement of reactionary Kapp; . . . daring Italian seamen refused to transport arms to Danzig, arms intended for Kolchak to use in crushing the Russian Revolution; . . . factories were seized by the Italian proletariat. . . .

In 1932 the revolutionary workers of Spain forced the Government to bring back from the Sahara the anarchists deported there by the socialist-fascists. . . . The rebels of Ferrol, Spain—women and children—stopped traffic by lying down on the highways, preventing the carrying of food from town to town. . . . Workers retaliated against the government's use of troops in the running of bakeries, trains, electric plants by shooting it out with the constabulary. . . . Now in 1933 they have revolted against the attempt on the part of the government to pass repressive legislation intended to outlaw anarchist groups and other revolutionary organizations, and have succeeded in preventing the passage of such laws. . . . Lately, revolt has taken place all over Spain against the stupid régime of the socialist-fascists, disguised as socialists. The solidarity and unconquerable spirit of the masses have not been broken by capitalist madness. But there is no cure but social revolution—revolution that will bring about complete change of the social structure. Until that has been accomplished we have either to fight for our rights or starve; rebel against the injustice of this state of affairs, or die fighting.

L. R.

Owing to lack of space articles of Dr. Globus and Sophie Fagin have been held over for next issue.

THE INDIVIDUAL vs. THE STATE

By AMMON A. HENNACY

"No permanent good can come to the individual or the State except through the conscious will of the individual or the State."—*Fichte.*

The Anarchist philosophy is distinct from all other economic and social theories and is directly in line with the spiritual teachings of Confucius, Lao-tse, Jesus, Buddha, St. Francis, Tolstoi and Mary Baker Eddy in that emphasis is placed upon progress to be made through working from within the consciousness of the individual instead of compulsion and fear working from without. The fact that the followers of these teachers have in most cases made a mockery of the message of their leaders should not blind us to their essential truth.

Before seeking to prove that the above assertion of Fichte is historically and intrinsically true I will present the definition of Anarchism of Dr. Heber Newton, pastor of All Souls Church in New York City at the beginning of the century; and also my own statement.

"Anarchism is the ideal to which Christ looked forward. Christ founded no church; established no state; gave practically no laws; organized no government; but He did seek to write on the hearts of men God's laws and make them self-legislating." Dr. Heber Newton.

I would define Anarchism somewhat as follows: Anarchism is the philosophy of a co-operative commonwealth based on liberty with individual responsibility; emphasizing simplicity; inspiring the courage to break unjust laws; and developed through voluntary co-operation. Anarchism, having faith in humanity, seeks to establish the Golden Rule by working from within the consciousness of the individual, while all other systems of society, working from without, depend upon the violence of man-made laws and the state to compel men to act justly.

The continuous propaganda of home and school which seeks to mould children after the fashion of political and religious dogmas is all in vain in producing real leaders for orthodoxy. The ordinary child with its freshness of intellectual attack can see the gulf between the morals taught in the church, home and school and the worship of mammon and the daily life of lies with which it is surrounded; succumbing to lip-service of the accepted dogma until manhood is reached, when, in or out of the orthodox group, the god of "getting by" is worshipped; and one more unit is added to the dead weight of convention.

The uselessness of the S.L.P. method of trying to educate the masses by words, instead of daily life and deeds is illustrated in the quotation from James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night":

"No secret can be told
To any who divined it not before;
None uninitiate by many a presage
Will comprehend the language of the message
Although proclaimed aloud for evermore."

The very baldness of a system of greed and tyranny must react once in a while through a Thoreau or a Tolstoi. The late Fridtjof Nansen, the great humanitarian, expresses this thought as follows:

"Some people think that a better world can be created by sudden improvement, by dictatorial commands, by force, or even by revolutions. It was the people of this frame of mind who proposed 'a war to end war' but all they reaped was destruction. The lasting betterment of the world cannot be reached by short-cuts of this kind, it must come by a gradual growth from within."

Ralph Borsodi in his "This Ugly Civilization" shows the process of the herd-mind which is the support of the state:

"That the average man should seek to solve his problems by turning to something exterior and in his opinion superior to himself is natural. In the past, his problems were solved for him by the nobility and the church; in the present they are being solved for him by our factory-minded conventions; in the future why should they not be solved for him by a benign and intelligent state? . . . But when we look to something outside of ourselves we abandon our birthrights; we sacrifice upon the altar of conformity the one quality which lifts us above the herd. We blunt our personal reactions to life in compromising with conventions evolved for the exploitation of mobs of individuals, organized crowds, and the populace of a whole nation . . . politicians profit from the existence of mobs of herd-minded voters; imperialists from the existence of mobs of herd-minded 'cannon fodder'; churchmen from the existence of mobs of herd-minded worshippers; and the business men from the existence of mobs of herd-minded workers and customers."

Our comrade C. E. S. Wood has well characterized this mentality as the "processional caterpillar . . . never says anything. His life and sole objective is to keep his eyes on the hind parts of the one in front of him, and undeviatingly follow them."

The life of the individual Anarchist who refuses to be a part of this herd-minded mob of bridge-and-golf-players, movie fans; blind followers of fashion and styles in dress and cars; in the vanity of Phi Beta Kappa keys and degrees, as well as the applause of the properous retainers of greed; will in addition to his uncompromising refusal to support supposed "good" candidates or "defensive" wars, serve as an example to the sincere youth who has not yet been disillusioned by the servility and hypocrisy of orthodoxy. Such a life, even if it does not accomplish as much as a Thoreau or a Gandhi, is of more value than millions of votes which change with a campaign cry; thousands of churches built to a Teacher whom they daily crucify by accepting "God's Gold"; or hundreds of labor-unions content with more "pork-chops" for themselves while ignoring their poorer brothers in time of peace and killing their fellow union men in time of war.

Ibsen tells us that the Jews are the flower of the human race because they have not been bothered with the upkeep of a State, but have had the opportunity to develop themselves in every other direction. The initiative, versatility and craftsmanship of the artisan of the middle ages has been described by Kropotkin in his *State, Its Historic Role*: "All the great discoveries which have made modern science, the compass, the clock, the watch, printing, the maritime discoveries, gun powder, the law of gravitation, the law of atmospheric pressure of which the steam engine is but the development, the rudiments of chemistry, the scientific method already pointed out by Roger Bacon and practiced in the Italian Universities—where do these come from, if not from the free cities which developed under the shelter of communal liberties?" He then pointed out that the State crushed this development, corrupted the poor by spoils of war, and enslaved them by its conquest. That the State will again produce death "unless we reconstitute Society on a libetarian and anti-state basis. Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centers, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement; or else the State must crush the individual and local life . . . its surface revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably at the end of this evolution—death."

With the plans of Technocracy for a complicated system of society leaving very little for the individual to do, how could the idea of Anarchism work out? Anarchism is not a patent medicine or a plaster to be applied from without; nor a salve for a pimple, leaving the body full of corruption and the mind full of deceit; it is a new way of life; cleansing from within and developing the individual consciousness toward the ideal.

Emerson says: "There will always be a government of force where men are selfish; and when they are pure enough to abjure the code of force they will be wise enough to see how these public ends of the postoffice, of the highway, of commerce and the exchange of property, of museums and libraries, of institutions of art and science be answered." To believe that economic security brought about by any system of society will change selfish and greedy men to idealists is not founded upon any sound facts of experience or of psychology. Does anyone suppose that Mellon and Rockefeller continue their rapacity through love of money? It is power over others that they appreciate. Under any radical dictatorship we will have men who abuse power. Under any conceivable Anarchist society where we cannot force obedience through authority there would be a greater abuse of power than could otherwise be conceived unless coupled with this new found liberty was a moral and spiritual foundation which has now been nearly crushed by the counterfeits of true morality—the Church and the State. Unless the Anarchist movement can show itself cognizant of these facts and can show a leadership spiritually why should serious consideration be given to it? Are we going to compete with Communists in bloodthirsty hate? The evils of the capitalist system are apparent to those living in capitalist countries. Socialists and Communists can be depended upon to point out these evils. The tyranny of Bolshevist Russia and of Fascist Italy, and Socialistic Spain is felt by those who live there. Open criticism in these countries precludes death or imprisonment. The mission of the Anarchist is not to tear down the system which is bound to fall; but to prepare knowledge and inspiration for the new society.

Our weakest weapon is violence and our strongest one is the reliance upon the potential powers of man to work out his own freedom unhampered by State or Church. Why, therefore, should we fall into the trap of using our weakest weapon—violence—against the tons of poison gas of the enemy, when our strongest weapon is little used?

Tolstoi shows the subtlety of the change of outward forms meaning progress: "The alteration of the character and life-conception of men inevitably brings with it the alteration of those forms in which men had lived, whereas the alteration of the forms of life not only does not contribute to the alteration of the character and life-conception of men, but, more than anything else, obstructs this alteration by directing the attention and activity of men into a false channel. To alter the forms of life, hoping thereby to alter the character and life conception of men, is like altering in various ways the position of wet wood in a stove, believing that there can be such a position of wet wood as will cause it to catch fire. . . . This error is so obvious that people could not submit to it if there were not a reason which rendered them liable to it. This reason consists in this: that the alteration of the character of men must begin in themselves, and demands much struggle and labor; whereas the alteration of the forms of the life of others is attained easily without inner

effort over one-self, and has the appearance of a very important and far-reaching activity."

It is not unlikely that within a generation practically the whole world will be under a frank dictatorship of the Communist or Fascist. The stupidity and ignorance of man seems to provide no other method for him to learn the uselessness of the State except through this extreme method. Our privilege as Anarchists is to refuse to succumb to the tyranny of this new master or to be swerved from our goal by the promise of political plums; but to hold to our ideal for the inevitable time when men shall react against authority and demand freedom for the growth of the individual through Anarchism. This will be communistic or individualistic; pacifistic or violent; atheistic or of a religious nature according to the temperament and environment of the different countries.

The churches have long preached salvation through the change of the heart of the individual but have miserably failed for two reasons: first, they have become corrupt through the power used to dictate to their followers in matters of dogma and in aligning themselves with and upholding the temporal power of the State, receiving in return protection against heretics; second, the church has so commercialized itself that it has been on the wrong side of every moral question; and in proportion to its outward growth of beautiful edifices its spiritual influence has diminished. They have been receptacles for stolen goods—blessing mammon, and receiving a share of it. The Church, in common with the Socialist, Communist and Fascist does not want its followers to think; it only wants them to obey. The Anarchist who repeats the dogma that one must be an atheist and believe in violence to be a true Anarchist is not thinking through the problems of today and fails as the churches have done. In what manner will the hatred and violence of the Anarchist usher in a better world? The one who does not lose his identity in the holocaust of war or the tyranny of a dictatorship will plant the seed which will germinate and grow and eventually cause the downfall of the State. A plant that is forced by artificial means does not weather the storm.

This is not a philosophy of defeatism or pessimism. We cannot with honesty speak as did the I.W.W. preamble to the effect that we are prepared to take over industry and run it. As the tyranny of the State teaches value of Freedom let us show by our possibility of growth to meet the challenge; the practibility of the ideal of Anarchism in overcoming man's servility and helping him conquer his distrust of his own abilities.

To those who are new in the radical movement and are in a hurry to get results I would in conclusion again quote Tolstoi, who in speaking of the time when this ideal can be consummated: "It would, of course, be much better if one could do this very quickly, immediately. It would be very well if one could quickly, immediately, grow a forest. But one cannot do this, one must wait until the seeds shoot, then the leaves, then the branches, and then the trees will grow up. One can stick branches into the ground, and for a short time they will resemble a wood, but it will only be a resemblance. The same with a rapid establishment of good social order amongst men. One can arrange a resemblance of good order as do the Governments, but these imitations only remove the possibility of true order. They remove it, firstly, by cheating men, showing them the image of good order where it does not exist; and, secondly, because these imitations of order are attained only by power, and power depraves men, rulers as well as ruled, and therefore makes true order less possible."

PRIMITIVE FOLK IN GREENLAND

By ROCKWELL KENT

It is customary to make a distinction between the natives of West Greenland and their collateral relatives the Eskimo of the polar north. For some hundreds of years the Greenlanders have been in touch with white men. They were first visited by whalers —English, Dutch and Scotch, and then, two hundreds years ago, by the Danes, who colonized the land. These contacts naturally affected the native civilization. The chief purpose of the Danish colonization was the conversion of the natives to Christianity and the ways of the white man. That altruism has persisted, and it is now the only interest that the people of Denmark have in continuing the somewhat costly occupation of Greenland. Among European influences I must mention the mixture of blood, although, apart from having superficially changed the racial type, it may be said to have had no effect. The noteworthy thing about the Greenlanders of today is how little they have been changed by the influence of white men.

West Greenland is owned and governed by Denmark. For convenience in administration it has been divided into two main governmental districts, in each one of which are established several trading centers. Each of these is, in turn, the administration center for a district of considerable area, whose native population is grouped in scattered trading posts at such places in the fiords and on the outer islands as afford good hunting or fishing. While the Danes have established a code of laws for Greenland, and the equivalent of courts of justice for the administration of these laws, the people, following as though instinctively the ancient mores of their race, live in happy unconsciousness of being regulated. This is a tribute to the tolerant administration of the Danes, who, as law makers, have not only largely avoided interferences with native custom but have given the people an advisory representation in government councils. The attitude of the Lutheran church appears to have been likewise tolerant. The missionaries did at first ruthlessly stamp out the primitive religion; they discredited the ancient gods and exposed their priesthood, teaching the natives disbelief and quieting their superstitious fears. The natives were, it seems, content with this, content to learn that the wind, the sea, and all the forces of the elements, and the terrors of the unknown needed not to be personified. Having accepted disillusionment they took no real interest in the Christian faith. Nearer than any people that I have ever known, they are without religion. They go to church, but they don't pray; they like to sing, singing all songs —both sacred and profane—with equal fervor. They show no special observance of the Sabbath; and they are utterly without those innumerable superstitions (three cigarettes on a match—thirteen at a table—starting things on Friday—walking under ladders—etc., etc.), which are so cherished by our people. The Church is inclined to deplore the unmorality of the natives, but does little about it. The civil law doesn't even recognize unchastity beyond assuring a nominal support to its children.

In relation between the sexes the Greenlanders are quite unromantic. Young people carry on together for what pleasure it affords them. If a child is born the event is of no great significance and constitutes no claim for marriage. The child is as welcome as a child can be. It is taken into the family of the young mother's parents and at her subsequent marriage is accepted by the bridegroom as though it were his own. There is no drowning of babies in unvirtuous Greenland, no branding with the scarlet letter, no suicide of young mothers. When a couple marry it is because of mutual need, and is generally based on respect for each other's social and domestic qualities. They start life together with romantic hopes; and they live contentedly together all their lives. There's no divorce. A marriage thus prosaically begun often matures into such a devoted companionship as is rare with us. The promiscuity of the unmarried girl is largely checked by her marriage; not on moral grounds but by abated inclination, by fear of her husband, and by preoccupation and lack of opportunity. Greenland wives and husbands are inclined to jealousy; they fear the invasion of their exclusive property rights in each other. I saw only one example of what appeared to be a survival of the ancient Eskimo custom of lending wives. A young man offered me his wife, to go, as he told me, off into the hills and stay there with me as long as I desired her—in exchange for a briar pipe of mine to which he had taken a fancy.

The pagan Eskimos, living in communities without any code of law except the taboos of their religion, and without power of enforcing the taboos beyond the power of the Angakok or priest to frighten men, might perhaps have been called anarchists. In that they live today guided only by that sense of right conduct which is the tradition of their mores, they *are* anarchists. Communism, the general sharing of property, was the rule in the past; it survives to some extent today despite the efforts of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities in Greenland to teach the people to be thrifty and saving. They don't incline to thrift; and, I have been told, they have expressed some wonder and confusion at the conflict between the teaching of Christ and the gospel of thrift as they have learned them both from the lips of the clergy. In the more primitive settlements every hunter divides the meat he gets with all the families of the settlement. I as a householder was considered with the rest, although, unable to reciprocate in kind, I took to paying for what was brought to me.

The Greenlanders are peaceful men; they never fight. And in old times, as is well known, it was the custom to settle disputes by public song duels in which the contestants strove to outdo each other in mutual ridicule, the winner being named by popular acclaim. This summer the district where I lived was visited by a moving picture exhibition. The Greenlanders saw much drunkenness, brawling, and fighting with fists. I got the impression that they were not edified. The Greenlanders are slow to learn.

I am convinced that the average Greenland child is potentially as intelligent as the average white child. His acquirement of European ways and European culture hangs on two related things: becoming a fisherman and making money. In those parts of West Greenland where cod and halibut are plentiful the Greenlander has been taught the methods of the Danish fisherman. He earns good money, and is coming to live in a style that is quite comparable to that of the poorer, down east fisherman of our own coast. He is putting money in the bank, he is learning that money brings power and position; and while it may be some time before these Greenlanders lose the generous and lovable ways of their carefree past, I have no doubt whatever that if their prosperity continues they will reap its harvest; and become in time no better than ourselves.

It is somewhat discouraging to one who hopes to hit upon new truths to merely learn, at last, the truth of old ones. From life in Greenland I now *know* that people are most happy where all alike are poor.

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IN MEMORIAM

Maria Goldshmid (M. Korn)

FROM the brief obituary notice which appeared in the last issue of FREEDOM, the comrades learned of the sudden deaths of Maria Goldshmid (M. Korn) and her aged mother Sophia Ivanovna Goldshmid. Details of the double death had since appeared in the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* in an article by one of the comrades in Paris.

Sunday, Jan. 8, the elder Goldshmid rounded out her eighty-third year. Maria had requested a friend who happened to be visiting her and the invalid mother, to purchase flowers for the eighty-fourth anniversary of Sophie's birth; the following day, the ninth, early in the morning, Sophie Ivanovna Goldshmid breathed her last.

No sooner had the physician, summoned to the bed-side, pronounced the aged woman dead than Maria asked her friends who were present to leave her "alone for an hour or so." Upon returning later, those friends found the door to the apartment locked and no response to their calls. When they broke in forcibly, they discovered Maria in an unconscious state, and forty-eight hours later, Wednesday morning, Jan. 11, after hours of agony, death relieved Maria Goldshmid at the age of 63.

The union and attachment of the two women—mother and daughter—were extraordinary. As far as Maria was concerned, she virtually spent all her life with her mother. They were inseparable, hence the tragic end which Maria had voluntarily chosen for herself. She could see no purpose apparently in continuing in this world without her lifelong friend, comrade and companion—her mother.

With the death of Sophie and her daughter, our dear comrade and teacher Maria Siderovna, comes the end of a chapter of stormy, heroic and ideal life of a whole class of Russian rebels and revolutionists. In the abode of the Goldshmids in Paris, Kropotkin, Lavrov, the Reclus, Tcherkessov and many others had found a warm, comradely nook.

Maria came into this world in a cell of one of the Czarist frightful dungeons, because her mother as well as her father, were among the pioneers of the revolutionary movement, and among the first fighters for Russia's liberation.

After a long series of horrible peregrinations and wandering from jail to prison over vast Russia, and after years of gypsy life in one country or another, the small family of three settled down in Paris. Maria was about twelve years of age when her father died, and the young mother was left with the girl to fight the hard battles of life.

In her early childhood, Maria had already evinced a keen love for science particularly natural philosophy and biology. At the same time, the rebellious spirit in her blood, echoed and re-echoed every cry for justice and vibrated to the great aspirations for liberty and freedom for the masses. All this, in addition to the natural revolutionary environment ever prevalent in her mother's home, made Maria the born revolutionist, the radiant idealist and incessant fighter for what is right, just and human.

Maria was a splendid student, with an uncommon intellectual acumen, particularly in the domain of biology, psychology and sociology.

She received the degree of Doctor of Science, taught for a living, was a member of the faculty at the Sorbonne, contributed extensively to scientific periodical literature and discussion. Her last work, "Comparative Psychology," aroused considerable discussion in scientific circles. And yet, she was never the dry, limited academician or cold, objective student. Hers was a soul full of warmth and sympathy which responded to the multifarious problems of the day and made her a revolutionist, a propagandist and an undaunted anarchist to the very last days of her life. She was an untiring contributor to various revolutionary and anarchist periodicals in Russian, French and Italian, and for almost three decades a regular contributor to the Jewish anarchist weekly in this country, the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*. Her articles for that publication she wrote in Russian. It was the former editor of the F.A.S., Comrade S. Yanofsky, who as editor of the London *Worker's Friend* became acquainted with Maria when he was visiting Paris in the nineties, on a brief lecture tour, who inspired and influenced considerably young Maria to make a study of the anarchist philosophy, its ideals and literature. He also interested her to write for the *Worker's Friend*, and several years later, when he left London and assumed the editorial responsibility of the F.A.S., he corresponded regularly with Maria Goldshmid, and her articles, with the by-line "M. Korn," were among the most important and most widely read columns in the Jewish anarchist weekly. That activity Maria kept up until very recently.

Due to certain circumstances, Maria took an interest in the Jewish anarchist movement in France - and although she never studied Jewish as a language, she seldom missed an important meeting, gathering or affair arranged by the Jewish anarchists in Paris.

The last few years of Maria's life were fraught with difficulties and full of sorrow. Her aged mother, who was her lifelong companion and dearest friend in the world, became an invalid, confined to her bed for long periods of time. Very often it was impossible for Maria to leave her mother's bedside and it interfered seriously with her studies, teaching, writing and social activity.

Maria in late years also felt pained over the development in Russia, the land which she loved and with which many of her hopes and aspirations were entwined. The highly sensitive, ideal and ethical being that was Maria could find no more interest, no more use for life when she was left alone, January 9, and she therefore chose voluntarily to follow her mother and to remain one with her in death even as she had been in life.

Who can be so bold as to pass judgment upon the right or wrong, the good or evil of the finale which our comrade had chosen for her full useful life? To the comrades the world over who had known her it is a profound bereavement, and to the cause of human liberation it is an inestimable loss. Long live the ideals which Marie Siderovna championed!

A. G—R

WORKERS!

Once more the anarchists and syndicalists must call upon you to express your solidarity with the vanguard of the struggle for the liberation of the working class.

We speak to you of the workers of Spain. It is two years now since a democracy of self-styled lovers of liberty took the power over from the monarchist dictatorship down there. They aroused the hopes of many who were blind enough to believe in them. The next day after the proclamation of the republic, so many of these misguided ones dreamed that the day had come for a government that would bring about the liberation of the working class. In fact, these politicians had promised the greatest social reforms and transformations to the Spanish workers.

It may be that the spirit of the workers' struggle was lulled to sleep by these promises. But neither the Constituent nor those erstwhile oppressed, who were now raised to the seat of power, have given anything but laws and elections. And on the day when the workers had expected to take directly the few improvements they needed, and to go on with their struggle for the demolition of the old order of priests, of feudal landowners, of militarism—on that day the republic gave answer with bloody repressions which, within the last few weeks, have assumed the proportions of a wholesale destruction of entire towns.

WORKERS! COMRADES! ANARCHISTS!

We call you together to proclaim, with us, your solidarity with the victims, to give your encouragement to your brothers who are struggling, to express your protest against Alfonso's successors who are committing slaughter in the name of the Republic!

Until now these democrat gentlemen have considered the bolshevik policy of repression in Russia a criminal one. They were even willing to applaud our protests against the Kronstad murderers and against those who had suppressed all liberty in Russia. Now, perhaps, the bolsheviks will be disposed to view with favor our struggle against the democrat murderers in Spain.

There seems to be but one difference between them. They both talk liberty when they want to get power. Communists, when they have the power, slaughter socialists. Socialists, when they have the power, do the same with the communists. And both are at all times opposed to anarchists and to those other workers who (as is the case in Spain) do not wait for laws and decrees but are trying to achieve their emancipation and their liberty by direct struggle against the power which always and everywhere, under any name it may assume, defends privilege and reinstates privilege if a revolution should overthrow it.

WE MUST PROTEST.

World reaction—and this includes fascism—is going to profit by these repressions cloaked with the red flag.

As revolutionary workers, we must fight the resistance and the solidarity of these forces with our strength, and carry our fight across all national frontiers.

Come to the

MASS PROTEST MEETING

Sunday, February 5, 1:30 P.M.

STUYVESANT CASINO

140 Second Avenue, New York City

—Prominent Speakers Will Address the Meeting—

in English, Jewish, Russian, Spanish and Italian

The Theatre

By M. Jagendorf

IT IS TO LAUGH

To play a Rabelaisian joke on several hundred thousand people is no simple thing. Yet that has been the feat of one of the most successful plays in New York today. It is called THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN and it is housed in the Henry Miller Theater.

The author of the work is a Frenchman by the name of Rene Fauchois who knows his onions. He knows that there is nothing meaner in existance than a mean Frenchman; that there is nothing stingier in the world than a stingy Frenchman and that there is no human being more avaricious than an avaricious Frenchman. In other words he knows just which little human traits of his countrymen needed most chastising. And Lord! How he does it! He has written a comedy bitter as gall, yet howlingly funny. Sydney Howard had adopted it into English and here it is for our delight.

When it was produced, all the critics agreed unanimously that it was the funniest play that had hit in New York in years. And that was all. Of the gruesome vitriolic satire, of the merciless dilineation of kind and gentle human beings when suddenly confronted with the vision of earning lots of money; their cheapness and puniness when permeated by avarice—not a word. Everyone was so taken in by the excruciatingly funny situations that the real support and significance of the play was wholly forgotten—by all save one: Stephen Rathbone, of the *Tribune*, said that he did not like the play and found the characters cheap.

That is a great compliment to the playwright. To make an ugly play amusing, to make it cheap, being so funny that all is forgotten in hilarious laughter is a big accomplishment.

The story is a very simple one. A half crazy (according to set rules of society) artist had lived and was supported until his death by a kind country physician. As often happens, his greatness is recognized after his death when he can get neither benefit nor pleasure from recognition. The art dealers, the usual thieving, hypocritical leeches who thrive on the artist commence the rush to buy all the available masterpieces which the good doctor has used in his chicken coop and outhouses. Dr. Hagget, his good wife and children smelling the sweet perfume of the gold, turn into feverish tomcats yowling and screaming and caterwauling in mad heat for the dollars. There has not been a more perfect example of the universal trait of human swinishness on the stage in years. And the most wonderful thing about it is that it is excruciatingly funny, so funny that all else is forgotten in the joy of the laughter.

The acting and staging is perfect. Miss Lord is perhaps too intelligent for her part, but the play carries her along. Walter Connolly is superb.

MORE DISSECTION

There is another satire in town. TWENTIETH CENTURY EXPRESS, also full of good laughs, but more brutal, more obvious, more—who gives a damn if you see it. It took three men to write it, but it could never have been what it is if not for Ben Hecht who was one of the three authors.

Those who have read Count Bruga or the other works of this author, know that one of his marked abilities is to dissect human beings with acid ruthlessness and zestful exposition. A spade with him is a spade, even as it was with the old satirists. No camouflage. Ben Hecht even as Charles McArthur, the other collaborator—the play was originally conceived by Mulholland—know the theater from the lowest to the highest. The result is a combination of hilarity, poisonous gas and cannon shots the moment the curtain rises. Producers, press agents, directors, Hollywood-insane actors and lovers, all come in for a lambasting that is a joy to our risibilities and a delight to the lover of swift drama. They are lashed mercilessly. Their mad, artificial, unbelievably stupid behavior is depicted with barbed wire humor. There is a showing up of incredible charlatanism. The majestic dungheap of Hollywood-minded artificiality, lying and humbug is spread before you in glaring colors and scents.

The character of Jaffee, the producer and director, is drawn with ruthless frankness, so is that of the bat in the belfry movie star Lilly Garland. Most of the other characters fare the same way. Messrs. Hecht and McArthur even poke fun at their fellow writers. Owen O'Mally, the demon press agent is a gem.

The casting aids a great deal. With such people as Moffat Johnston and Eugenie Leontovitch it could not be otherwise. Surely here is a play that shows better than any other the insanely tragic way in which money is wasted while those in need are crying pitifully. Who said there was a depression!

NO MONEY, NO ANGELS

Theatrical angels are gone, gone even from small places that try modestly to do some honest work without asking for big pay. The Civic Reperotory Theater is leaving 14th Street. Eva Le Gallienne is closing the grey doors and is moving with a single play up to Broadway — "Alice in Wonderland." Even the choice of the play is significant. The plays with ideas are shelved and what is carried along is pap for immature minds. A good play, an amusing entertainment, a play that requires neither thought nor intelligence. People do not want mind or intelligence, just as they do not want better material conditions, for if they did, they would get them. There is nothing that the masses want they cannot get. And so it is both sad and infuriating to see Miss Le Gallienne close the one theater that gave good plays at prices that the average person could afford. Of course she promises to come back after she has made enough money on Broadway. Here is hoping she does return and quickly. It is a shame that even her theater, which asked for so little, was not supported sufficiently to stay on.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

By ROSE PESOTTA

"Merry Christmas!"

"Same to you! Have a drink?"

"It's the best turkey you've ever tasted," remarks a tall blond fellow, the only Nordic in the group, as he hands out the plates. Armed with a chef's knife and fork, he skilfully dissects a roasted turkey, placing its slices of white meat on paper plates. The poor bird, helplessly tossed upon the platter, is soon reduced to a mere skeleton of its former fat body in the course of this process, to serve as a palatable dish for about twenty-five factory employees and salesmen who have been invited to a "luncheon" in one of the factory lofts. It is the custom of the firm thus to celebrate Christ's birthday with a feast.

Earlier in the morning the workshop was swept, and then it was decorated with green and red bunting, the ends all clinched up in the middle of the ceiling into a red ball, forming a kind of ark under which a small twig of mistletoe was hung by the Nordic, for reasons of his own. All the handicraft work-tables were moved towards the walls, leaving enough space for dancing; a midget radio was secured from the nearby music shop to provide music for that purpose. Upon the workstand, now converted into a serving table and covered with white paper, a jug of red wine and hors d'oeuvres, ranging from the humble bologna to the more aristocratic anchovies and other such gastronomic delicacies, appeal to the hungry appetites of the guests.

A very feminine, very charming young woman, the proprietress, is seated strategically nearby, while her younger brother, suave and immaculate, the assistant in the business, makes himself generally useful, greeting newcomers with a pleasant smile and a glass of wine. The other members of the family have scattered at large, amiably mingling with the working crew.

Presently all are seated, and comments of "good," "delicious," or a mere shrug of the shoulders indicate that the turkey has become a sweet memory while the spirits of the wine have begun to take effect.

"And now we shall dance," announces someone, turning the dial of the midget. An invisible orchestra obligingly sends the strains of a crooning foxtrot through the misty ether into the workshop, where several entwined couples commence to circle about the cement floor.

A tall, stocky young woman, limping slightly, with a rather sad look in her eyes, after turning a few steps suddenly stops. Brushing her curly short grayish hair from her forehead she glances blankly into the distance. "Say, sing something," she commands in a fumbling voice to no one in particular —"sing something in Eyetalian, some opera; I want to hear you sing"—and not expecting any response, she begins in a falsetto voice one of the most popular arias, breaking in the middle of the high "C," and tumbles flatly upon the lap of an elderly gentleman seated nearby.

"Oh, hello honey!" He embraces her gently with one arm, while holding in his other one of her more petite coworkers—"Want a kiss?"—and kisses each in turn.

His physical appearance, with broken nose and short-clipped white hair, reminds one of a former pugilist, but one cannot fail to notice his general bearing: power and self-assurance emanate from him.

"Who is that man?" someone eagerly inquires.

"Why that's Mr. N., a manufacturer from the floor above us," answers the proprietress, adding significantly, "He's a very rich man, and a gentleman too!"

The individual in question is at this moment having the time of his life with the two working girls. Forgetting that their interests are diametrically opposed to his, he drinks to their health as if he were on a par with them — these poor creatures whose daily life is as monotonous and drab as the sky this drab afternoon.

At the other end of the loft a tall, super-sophisticated-looking young woman, tightly dressed, a cigarette between her lips, and a glass of wine in her hand, is being entertained by the handsome proprietor. Her eyes have long ago ceased to see objects near her. The few drinks, the cigarettes and the food she has consumed have begun to show their effects. Stepping unsteadily to the rhythm of the jazz orchestra, with unseeing eyes on her partner, she is unable to follow in step. Shortly after the dance she stands up, and, stepping cautiously, like a tight-rope walker, she goes toward the exit, murmuring to herself.

"She is up to her usual stunts!" one of the family remarks to a neighbor, a guest unfamiliar with the work-people.

"What kind of a stunt?" the guest asks.

"It's her way when she gets lit up to pull a comedy, screaming and getting hot until she falls down."

And before long the young lady, having relieved herself in the washroom of the once-delicious dinner, is put on a couch in the improvised vestibule behind the partition, where she immediately falls fast asleep.

"Is she really sick?" a novice in the group inquires.

"No, never mind her now, she only wants attention; she'll be O. K. after the nap," replies the proprietress carelessly.

In the meantime the tall Nordic, evidently determined for once in his life to give vent to the natural urge of suppressed desires, drags one girl after another to the cement dance floor under the mistletoe, whispering into each words he would never dare to utter aloud and in a sober state.

A younger brother of the proprietress, plump, short, vivacious, enters theatrically, lifting his hat. The girls greet him loudly and make him perform a jig, which he does to perfection, a twinkle in his bespectacled eyes and a humorous smile on his face.

"Excellent!" "Wonderful!" "Bravo!" come from all sides as he quickly evaporates.

"My brother must be back at the store, he works nights until five in the morning," the older sister excuses him. Her function at this party seems to be that of general information bureau.

A drizzling rain drapes the ordinarily bright southern sky, but human ingenuity has invented the incandescent bulb to substitute for nature's sun, and this sheds light into all the corners, temporarily converting it into a reception hall.

—Jesus Christ—

Who cares that some individual was born two thousand years ago, and who, nowadays, wants to know the cause of his martyrdom?

Why worry about contemporary Christs who languish in prisons, sometimes crucified, for perhaps similar offences?

Has anyone said anything about technicians, economists, theoreticians, utopians, and the like—brain-idlers who dare to predict the end of this civilization unless some drastic revolutionary change takes place in the immediate future?

What if Mr. N., the rich manufacturer does fraternize with these common drudges, who so snugly nestle in his arms while their sisters are toiling for him this very minute on the next floor, never even dreaming of coming so close? . . .

Perhaps this familiarity strikes a note in his heart! Perhaps, like most of his class, he is just an upstart whose youth was no brighter than theirs! Perhaps making common cause with these girls holds a mirror to his own colorless young days . . .

Why bother about the young lady on the couch, who without her fashionable make-up and superior airs is just a sleeping woman who has indulged in an overdose of jazz, drink and cigarettes, which don't agree with her constitution? . . .

And why give heed to the handwriting on the wall, or listen to the voices of the millions of able-bodied workers who at this moment are out in the rain, on the scrap heap, without a roof over their heads and food to sustain their bodies? . . .

How many who are here have seen the long lines of people, four abreast, standing here and there, waiting for the promised baskets to be handed out by the "kindly" charitable organizations? . . .

Who knows how many among those present today will tomorrow join this countless mass of discarded human beings? . . .

Is there any reason now to think of tomorrow and the endless chain of tomorrows, when life will again be a long procession of unceasing days of drudgery and nightmares of worry for a bare existence? . . .

Let tomorrow take care of itself! There is only today! Let us enjoy every moment with wine, dance and jazz! It may be short, but it must be sweet! Let it at least leave a memory of a short respite once a year.

"Turn on the radio!" — someone has already moved the dial—"Let us dance under the mistletoe!"

"Have a drink?" An outstretched arm is holding out a glass of wine.

"Merry Christmas!"

"*And* a Happy New Year!"

REVOLUTION

REVOLUTION: A magic word, that one hears all over Spain. Revolution is embodied in the Spanish proletariat. One hears it in cafes, in shops, in prison, at home and in public places as commonly as good morning.

The workers of Spain celebrated Christmas by revolution: Workers of Barcelona raided food shops and took what they needed. Police shot the demonstrators who were then joined by hundreds of the unemployed. A battle started and people rushed from the shops and marched through the city shouting, "Long live the Social Revolution. Down with tyranny. Long live Anarchist-Communism."

The peasants living near one town took possession of the City Hall and cleared out the whole gang within. When the constabulary came the workers met them with these words: "The Mayor and his gang left hurriedly, leaving only his walking stick and the key; take the stick and go. Almost the same thing happened in Granada.

A political revolutionist promised the unemployed in his locality to head their protest parade but failed to keep his word. The workers, we are told, went to his home to teach him a lesson. . . .

A group of unemployed went to the industrialist who had employed them to demand their wages. He refused to pay whereupon they took a flock of sheep instead and he was helpless.

The "C.N.T." special telegraphic news service gives us the following item under date of January 11th: "The railway workers, including members of the U.G.T. (affiliated with the socialists) will go on a revolutionary strike throughout all Spain."

Revolution is the watchword. To the Spanish proletariat it means liberation from tyranny, the breaking of the chains of tyranny on the heads of the exploiters. Long live Anarchist-Communism is the cry all over Spain. How well the workers know its meaning. Anarchism stands for freedom, Communism for equality, happiness.

Sabotage, direct action, revolutionary strikes, the expropriation of land and its use in common, the practice of Libertarian Communism—these are what occupy the minds of the Spanish workers. No more prayers. Action comes before words. Action is life. The workers believe this with heart and soul, practice, it.

The Generalitat politicians (Macia's regime) and the police of Barcelona have drawn up a blacklist of 40 comrades, the most active of the C.N.T. and the Anarchist Iberian Federation, in order to massacre them at an opportune moment. The anarchists have answered the government by letting the authorities know that if their threat is carried out ten prominent politicians will be killed for every comrade who is assassinated. Be alert, Anarchist Comrades. Be ready for the final battle.

The Secretariat of the F.A.I.

Judging by reports in the New York *Times* revolt is spreading all over Spain. We greet the revolutionary workers of Spain and trust they will come out of the fray triumphant. L. R.

A COMMUNICATION AND AN APPEAL

San Quentin,
California State Prison, Jan. 21, 1933

I would like to have the attached call for a Tom Mooney Congress reach every one of the Anarchist groups in the United States. Unfortunately my Defense Committee does not possess the necessary addresses. Under separate cover a quantity of letters are being mailed to you and I do hope you will find it possible to send a letter to very one of the Anarchist groups I would like to reach.

I do hope the Congress will be fully endorsed by the Anarchists and that I shall have their wholehearted cooperation.

Will you kindly let me know with whom I can communicate in order to further discuss the practical aspects in connection with the Congress?

My fraternal greetings and thanks.

Tom Mooney, 31921

I hereby issue today, January 21, 1933, this call for a FREE TOM MOONEY CONGRESS, to be held at Chicago, April 30 to May 2, 1933, under the auspices of the Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, to plan the final fight for my freedom. I appeal to every A. F. of L. union—local, district, state or national in its jurisdiction; to the railroad brotherhoods, and all other labor unions; to all working-class organizations—political, economic, defense, social, athletic, fraternal or cultural; and to all liberal organizations sympathetic to the workers, to elect two delegates from every local, lodge or section to attend this Congress.

Labor in the United States is being shoved headlong into a state of peonage which even the coolies and chattel slaves never knew, while a few international bankers are becoming the uncrowned kings of the world. Because I fought such conditions with every fiber of my being and was framed by the enemies of the working-class for so doing, because I became the symbol of labor struggling for its rights, the fight for my freedom can become the center around which the workers will rally in their desperate struggle against unemployment, wage-cuts and starvation.

The FREE TOM MOONEY CONGRESS will link my fight with every struggle of the workers. Now is the time when there is desperate need to intensify the fight for the freedom of all class war prisoners, and against the ruthless intimidation and terrorization of workers regardless of race, creed, color or nationality. Every worker with a spark of militancy or revolutionary purpose or the smallest speck of self-respect, who is not a slave, who has a drop of red blood flowing in his veins, must now fight for his very life and that of his women and children. It is your duty and responsibility to take part in this struggle.

Governor Rolph, the tool of the labor-hating bankers and industrialists, has decreed that I die in prison. This decision is a deliberate and insolent challenge to the entire labor movement. This challenge must be met. It CAN and WILL be met by the FREE TOM MOONEY CONGRESS. The time has come when all organizations fighting for my freedom must be welded into the widest possible united front, whose might and aggressiveness will serve notice on my framers and jailers that my continued imprisonment will no longer be tolerated.

ELECT YOUR DELEGATES TO THE "FREE TOM MOONEY CONGRESS!"

ON TO CHICAGO, APRIL 30th TO MAY 2nd.

FORWARD TO VICTORY!

Tom Mooney

A Step in the Evolution of Revolution

By S. W. SIMPSON

Baker having to drop me before I could ask for a recital of accomplishments so far, I must now resort to my news clippings. The first of these is from the *New York Times* of December 24 last. What it tells more than I have reported is chiefly that the first sublocal is now established at 4861 Broadway, which is between Academy and 204th Streets, in Inwood. For office it has a vacant store, in which the disemployed of the vicinity register their capabilities and learn the plan. A grocer member of the group may find there an idle plumber to do a job needed in the grocery, the plumber get a cobbler to tap his family's shoes, and the cobbler a tailor to mend clothes for him. All three workers draw goods to the value of their service from the grocer, who may have bought scrip tokens from the exchange to be redeemed by it on presentation. I ought to have told above that scrip may be borrowed or bought on credit from the exchange, which seeks no profit. It is supported by the dues of its members and by voluntary gifts. Membership dues in the central association are $5.00 a year. Disemployed borrowers of tokens repay at the rate of a half-day's wages a week when employed. The grocer cited for example probably paid the plumber in scrip; and the plumber paid some to the grocer and some to the cobbler, who perhaps paid grocer and tailor, who may have spent his in one or more of the six or more stores now members of the Inwood local. This local already has gone abroad to make exchanges. The *Times* of December 29 reported that it had engaged with a farmer of New Hope, Pa., to send him three carpenters for three days and lumber worth $60 in exchange for 125 bushels of apples, which it places with its neighborhood stores at $1.15 a bushel—losing $6.25. But it is an association for mutual aid.

A longer clipping, which I have neglected to date, I think is from the *Times* of Christmas Sunday. It occupied an entire column, beginning by relating that already our Emergency Exchange Association is projecting "a national clearing-house for the multiple barter systems which have been organized locally throughout the country through the spontaneous attempt of the unemployed to meet one another's needs." This is probably premature, but news reported below it indicates, if it is all true, that such a clearing-house may soon become a near prospect. With regard to the Inwood local this clipping adds the following to what I have recounted above:

> More than 200 unemployed men and women of diverse occupations have registered their willingness to work through this Inwood local and be paid in scrip which will entitle them to use a compensating quantity of such goods and services as the local has available. A half-dozen grocers have agreed to accept the scrip of the Inwood local for goods in limited amounts at the outset. The grocers plan to use the accumulated scrip to pay for jobs which they have postponed because they could not afford to lay out the cash.

Preceding that "Add Inwood" were these seven paragraphs on the growth and spread of the movement:

> Reports in possession of the Emergency Exchange Association reveal that the barter system as a local remedy for unemployment has grown rapidly throughout the country in the last six months. In California, Washington and Utah it has reached such a development that State organizations have been incorporated by the participants in the barter to administer their mutual interests.
>
> In Salt Lake City notably, the scrip or credit money issued by the management of the barter system there passes current easily and is cleared by the banks. In Seattle more than twenty barter locals have a membership of about 50,000.
>
> In California, where some of the earliest exchanges between local organizations were effected, the State-wide barter organization has the co-operation of the State food administration in exchanging food.
>
> In recognition of the immediate utility of such barter systems in releasing relief funds and sustaining the morale of the unemployed by giving them an opportunity to help themselves, the Council of Social Agencies of Dayton, Ohio, assigned a secretary last Spring to organize the unemployed in this way, with the result that Dayton now has six producing units with 400 families participating.
>
> Similarly in Pittsburgh, the Welfare Fund, through its city-wide network of Community Councils, has developed three barter districts. In Omaha, Neb., the community chest and social agencies started the movement.
>
> Multiple barter locals flourish likewise in Portland, Ore.; Denver, Colo.; Houston, Texas; Minneapolis, Minn.; and other large cities. In the vicinity of New York, locals have been started in Nyack and White Plains.

In the same issue of the *Times* that reported the trade of carpentry for apples there was a story from Chicago of which this is the first paragraph:

> Five thousand dollars in new scrip, or certificate money, began to circulate today in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago where ex-Ambassador Dawes lives. It was in the form of dollar bills stamped with a picture of ex-President Roosevelt and bearing the name of the Evanston Independent Retail Merchants' Association as guarantor of its purchasing power.

That scrip is guaranteed by a deposit of 5,000 gold dollars. Merchants taking the scrip each affix a two-cent trade-discount stamp as it circulates until the stamps sum up to the value of the scrip. Similar schemes are reported as under consideration in Chicago and Milwaukee.

My last clipping is from the *Times* of last Sunday, January 8. It is a lengthy story of the institution there last July of Organized Unemployed, Inc., which now includes 18,000 families working for scrip that buys food and clothing. It began with a mass-meeting of jobless at which leaders were named for all the wards in the city. These leaders appointed precinct captains, and these got workers in every block to enroll members. They found 19,930 men and 5,072 women out of work, with 40,538 dependents to keep out of the breadlines. Farmwork was found for more than 3,000 men in exchange for products. The farmers give receipts to the workers, and send the produce to the city headquarters. There the workers exchange their receipts for scrip, and this for the goods they need. The same plan works within the city, where 45 craftsmen's guilds have been formed. Groups of all trades and skills exchange services and products by means of scrip. Jobs have been made by the initiation of industries within the organization; for instance, the canning of farm produce got started in the way indicated. Work has been given 643 men in the setting-up of 27 wood-camps. Fourteen donated trucks haul the logs to a lot in the city, where they are cut into stovelengths and sold for scrip. Churches and schools in different wards are used as factories, and the general headquarters and store are in an abandoned high-school building. A modern cafeteria is run here, serving meals at 10 cents; also a department where one may trade in anything for scrip and with it buy anything else. One floor offers 100 clean beds at 15 cents a night. A legal department mediates to prevent evictions, and is said to have saved 400 homes from foreclosure. And much more is in prospect. The scrip's denominations are $10, $5, $1, 50 cents, 25 cents and 10 cents.

The scrips that most nearly resemble Wära are those of the Evanston merchants and of the town of Hawarden, Iowa. This town built a modern road, gave work and wages, and got a bonus for doing this good work; the road cost nothing, while the treasury's repletion was increased. Its scrip, like Wära, shows spaces for the affixing of stamps. Suppose the scrip is to circulate a year at the cost of two percent weekly. It will bear 52 spaces dated in weekly succession. Each first receiver of one-dollar scrip (and there needs be no other denomination) will affix a two-cent stamp, which makes it free to circulate at par until the date of the next space. Lacking stamps up to date it circulates only at a discount equivalent to the value of the missing stamps. At the end of the year, when it shows 52 stamps, it may continue to circulate free as long as useful, or it may be presented for redemption; four percent more than a full redemption fund has been provided by the 52 stamps bought from the source of the scrip. This plan is available to any group strong enough to provide a guarantee of the scrip's goodness, which would be hard for groups of none but disemployed. Its principle is well shown in the Evanston scrip, which seems to earn no premium. It assumes the readiness of merchants to grant a two-percent discount for cash or weekly settlements. It is bankable at the outset because of the gold deposit behind it from the outset. Doubtless the Hawarden scrip was bankable before it became redeemable because of the town's promise to accept it for taxes, fees, fines, etc., when it was fully paid. In any community in which the spirit of co-operation reigns such scrip might be made bankable, especially where the bank could pay it out as currency about as fast as it received it. The principle is that merchants accept a voluntary tax on such sales as are made for the scrip; but even if they add the tax to price its provision of employment takes off some curse. Just as does government currency, every piece of scrip attests that its holder is a creditor to the extent of its face value; has somehow in effect produced wealth of that value, and so is entitled to equivalent wealth. But probably such banks as are recognized by the R. F. C. would not so acknowledge in the case of scrip issued by groups of disemployed as a medium for the exchange of their labor's products.

It were well, far better than otherwise, if disemployed groups might organize themselves into producing associations, either separate trade guilds or community units, and exchange their products and services by means of their own scrip. I have tried to make this article factual in the hope of promoting and extending an important and immensely beneficient movement by a recital of great achievements from small beginnings with meager resources. The extension of the movement is important because it can give the people some understanding of the meaning of a free society. It would be facilitated in any group or community that could provide any kind of sufficient guarantee of its scrip to start with. Some rich philanthropists might be found to guarantee private groups, for instance. Communities might organize themselves into mutual or cooperative banks, such as Proudhon propounded, pool and pledge their total assets of whatever nature, and issue scrip with this guarantee; and this scrip might be lent to individual members for circulation and final redemption by such a stamp tax as has been described. If this were conceived and calculated to produce such a gain as interest, the bank might thereby accumulate such resources as would enable it to release such parts of the pledge as might have to be withdrawn.

ENGLISH PROPAGANDA CONFERENCE
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19—11 A.M. Till 7 P.M.
in the FREE WORKERS CENTER, 219 2nd Ave.
All Comrades Must Come!
FREEDOM SPRING BALL
Friday, April 7, in Irving Plaza Hall

The Manager's Notes

This month, February, is FREEDOM MONTH. An earnest, energetic effort on the part of all comrades, organized groups everywhere, readers and sympathizers during the month cannot but bring the expected results. And we do not anticipate the impossible, the unattainable. We are all too familiar with our forces and talent for an enterprise like a weekly publication in all its phases and aspects, but we have reasons to believe and to hope that united effort and unstinted spirit can and will make FREEDOM MONTH a real success.

Day by day the postmen bring us numerous messages and greetings, most of which express the hope and anxiety that FREEDOM can live and continue as a weekly. The great majority of comrades and friends in New York are staunch advocates for a weekly. The need is felt, the urge is paramount, and the resolute determination on the part of those who are directly in or around the great task is to forge on despite limitations, and to keep up our weekly, difficulties notwithstanding.

You have our assurance that with the proper interest on your part, we can do it—or, better say, it can be done; but *not without you.*

FREEDOM must have a continuous source of revenue, and that shall be supplied by the strain and effort of everyone of us—we have no Croesus or Maecenas and we want none.

Here is a brief program for FREEDOM MONTH:

Your own subscription for one year, if you have as yet not done it;

A comradely effort to procure a number of subscribers;

A standing order for a number of copies of FREEDOM, weekly, which anyone of us can sell and distribute among friends and acquaintances and in the shop, etc.;

If you belong to one of the groups in our movement see to it that among the other discussions and questions taken up at the meetings and gatherings FREEDOM should ever find a place on the agenda. A special FREEDOM Committee appointed by your group would greatly enhance and systematize your share of the work for the publication;

In every city and town, even where there is no group, there are always a few good comrades and sympathizers that can arrange during this month a concert or a gathering for FREEDOM's benefit.

In short, let it be resolved that the month of February be the month that will assure the security and stability of our FREEDOM, your FREEDOM.

The FREEDOM and Modern School Concert, February 12, Sunday afternoon, in the Rand School Auditorium must be a success. Both, FREEDOM and the Modern School, need every dollar of income from that affair. If the readers will take our situation to heart, success is in store for us.

During the month of February—FREEDOM MONTH—smaller and bigger entertainments of some sort should be arranged everywhere. It would unquestionably help FREEDOM to get a good start in life.

Criticism is very healthful exercise, good mental gymnastics we mean, for both those who hurl it and for their targets. And FREEDOM is beginning to get a good deal of it.

If every critic should in addition also sell at least ten copies of each issue, FREEDOM will be on stronger legs to withstand knocks and shots.

Next issue of FREEDOM will contain special contributions dealing with the life, teachings and influence of Peter Kropotkin, in commemoration of our comrade and teacher on the 12th anniversary of his death.

Groups and clubs should increase their orders for copies of that issue, but we must know about it not later than February 9th.

THE NEW MOTHER EARTH

A new mimeographed, illustrated, monthly anarchist paper for practical people, who are non-anarchists, will be edited and issued by John G. Scott and Jo Anne Wheeler as soon as 200 paid subscribers can be secured. The paper will be called MOTHER EARTH, will be produced on a farm, will appeal chiefly to farmers, will use the language farmers and ordinary Americans appreciate and understand. Much space in MOTHER EARTH will be given to practical anarchy, or anarchy at work. Brief write-ups of voluntary associations at work among the people all over the world are requested. Send subscriptions by post office money order to MOTHER EARTH, Route 1, Crary ville, New York.

KROPOTKIN MEMORIAL MEETING

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 8 P. M.
at the International Center
227 East 12th Street, New York

Speakers—DR. SHATSKY and others

Subjects:

Kropotkin's life
Interpretation of *Kropotkin's* personality
Kropotkin's Revolutionary ideas
Kropotokin the historian
Kropotkin's ideas on Education
Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid"

Admission Free Everybody Welcome

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 12, AT 2:45

(*in the Rand School Auditorium*)
7 EAST 15TH STREET, NEW YORK

DRAMATIC MATINEE AND MUSICALE

Arranged by FREEDOM and The MODERN SCHOOL of Stelton

Comrades, Sympathizers and Friends: Adherents of Libertarian Education and Readers of FREEDOM, will gather to

AN IMPRESSIVE EVENT OF THE SEASON

An array of fine talent will participate in a well balanced program. Among others we shall have the Jenett String Qurtet: Isadore Jenettt, 1st violin; Max Mandel, 2nd violin; Bernard Greenhause, 'cello; Martin Paley, viola; a young boy talented pianist; the well known interpreter of modern dancing—Ruth Bluestone, Lillian Shulman, Soprano, Mark Perper and others to be announced. All the proceeds will go for FREEDOM and The MODERN SCHOOL. Admission Fifty Cents. No reserved seats. Please keep date open. For tickets apply FREEDOM, 219 Second Avenue, N. Y. Comrades and Friends! Help make this affair a success. FREEDOM and the STELTON SCHOOL need it

TO THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

The suggestion has been made that the comrades who went through the years of 1886 and 1887 should have a reunion before they pass on to the happy hunting-grounds. I have compiled a list of about forty that I know are still living, but whether they can attend is another question. They are scattered all over the country, most are probably too old and infirm and what is still worse, too poor to make the trip.

Chicago, during the World's Fair, has been mentioned as the most suitable meeting place, perhaps the first week in October, when the hottest days are over. Even if only a dozen can attend, it would surely be a most delightful social meeting and as some of these old-timers will want to see the Fair, there is no reason why we should not try to be there at the same time. Six have promised already, if the undertaker does not interfere.

I should be pleased to hear from these old comrades and in turn I will keep them posted on further developments.

3726 McDougall Ave. Carl Nold
Detroit, Mich.

In connection with the above, I desire to touch on Louis Raymond's idea of an International Conference. If held in America, I doubt if under present conditions delegates from other countries would or could attend. But why not drop the "International" and have first a "National Conference" during the Fair in Chicago as suggested above?

The paramount subject ought to be to get FREEDOM on a solid foundation. The financial report of January 10 is pointing that way. I had no idea of how large a fund the New York comrades had on hand when they first spoke of a weekly paper. Had I known, I would have advised to begin with a bimonthly. Enthusiasm is a fine thing, but in publishing a paper, don't let it outrun your pocketbook.

C. N.

LIBERTARIAN GROUP, NEW YORK

at International Center, 227 East 12th Street

Lectures and Discussions every Wednesday evening
S. WEINER,—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, at 8:30
"Is Revolution the Way Out?"

Bohemian Dance, Sat., February 11; Admission 25c

LOS ANGELES, AT 8:30

Libertarian Forum, 420 N. Soto St., Mondays;
Confederate Libertarian Forum, 224 South Spring. Thursdays
Russian Progressive Club, 1785 East First Street. Open evenings.

DETROIT EDUCATIONAL FORUM

at the LIBERTARIAN CENTER
2105 Third Street, Corner Elizabeth Street

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12
"Shall We Accept More Taxes?"
College of the City of Detroit Debating Team

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 10 A. M.
at the LIBERTARIAN CENTER

there will be a meeting of all comrades and sympathizers of Detroit and vicinity to discuss unemployment and the position of Anarchists towards the Unemployed Leagues.

Inter. Anar. Group

FREE SOCIETY FORUM

1241 N. California Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DRESSMAKERS ATTENTION!

A movement is on foot to organize a small cooperative dress shop. A loft and equipment have been offered and Minna Lowensohn is attempting to organize the project.

Any one interested kindly communicate with Minna Lowensohn, care of this office.